

T H E

FRENCH PEDLAR.

Being an Excellent new Song to an Excellent
old Tune.



I.
H E Lads and the Lasses that live in
[Great Britain,
I'll tell you a Story that never was
[writ on;
'Tis of a French Pedler, a Pedler I sing,
Sent over to bubble us by the F---ch
[K---g.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

II.

His Errand I trow, is to do a small Job,
To make a fine Figure to dazel the Mob;
But this let me tell him, if once his coin fail,
They'll curse him and his Master for one Pot of Ale.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Give Ear then a while to a list of his Ware,
Which like a true Tradesman, he'll sell you full dear
For by Fatal Experience, we may have been taught,
The French part with nothing but what's dearly bought.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Then First, he has a choice Burgundy Wine,
Next, Store of Rich Garments, to make you look fine;
Thus they first make us drunk, than our Pockets they
[pick,
You confounded French Dogs, have you got that Whores
[trick.
Derry down, &c.

V.

Fine Cases for Toobpicks his Highness brought over,
And curious Wrought Tweezers, just landed at Dover;
Then Snuff-Boxes lin'd with the Chevaliers Face,
That all his true Vassals may know his good Grace.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

But what Transports of Joy sin our Eyes wou'd appear,
Oh! could we but see the Original hear,
What crouding, what runing, what riding from far,
I mean for to see him fix'd on Temple-Bar.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

Next delicate Swords all inlaid with Gold,
But 'tis only the Handles as I have been told;
For Marlborough taught 'em in Nine dismal Years,
That true English Blades were far better than theirs.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Then come my brave Britons be merry and wise,
And since you can beat 'em their offers despise;
For should you not now these Baubles refuse,
Next Year they will offer you their Wooden Shoes!
Derry down, &c.

IX.

O Liberty, Liberty, thou art to dear,
For Britons to part with through Folly or Fear,
Then make not your Conscience a specious pretence,
To part with that Jewel, which is it's defence.
Derry down, &c.

X.

Then fill up a Bumper to glorious Queen Ann,
And he that won't pledge it is no honest Man,
Then fill up one more to the Hannover Line,
And a Fig for the Popish Pretenders design.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.